

Evening Telegraph

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1864.

A SONG OF PROVERBS.

After much thought about the forms."

In ancient days, tradition says,
When knowledge was much stinted—
When few could read and fewer preach,
And books were not yet printed—
When wise men thought, by prudence taught,
What was best to do;—
And proverbs said, from age to age,
In every month abounded,
On learning on the part of youth,
On the part of parents, and of teachers,
And left a store of easy lore,
For human use invented.

Two of a trade, 'twas early said,
To be very ill agrees, sir;

A better horse at such men's gates
A better dog at such men's doors;

You know there are no such as either rare,

Where men are not so jealous;

Two lawyers know the coal to blow,

Just like a pair of bellow.

O blessings, &c.

Birds of a feather flock together,

Lions with lions will howl, sir;

You know the fancy strike,

And never goes away;

You know Jack Sprat; he eat no fat;

His wife can eat no lean, sir;

She tick the plates clean, sir;

No blessing, &c.

The man who would Charbyd shun

Minces his steps, and makes movement,

Or else will say, Sir, sir;

Which would be no improvement,

The fish that left the frying-pan,

On feeling the fire, sir;

Took it by the chance of plan,

Which was the fire, sir;

O blessings, &c.

A map of ours from a glass house

Will not bring stones, sir;

A mountain may bring forth a mouse,

With many throats and groans, sir;

A friend in need's a friend indeed,

And as such should be, sir;

But when summer ends,

Are off o'er the sea, sir;

O blessings, &c.

Sour grapes, we cry, of things too high,

Which gives our pride relief, sir;

Between two stools the bones of fools

Are apt to come to grief, sir;

True, you may be well, sir,

Though why I'm not, could see, sir;

But some opine 'tis found in wine,

Which better pleases me, sir;

O blessings, &c.

Your toll and pain will all be vain,

To try to milk the bull, sir;

If once you try to shear the hog,

You'll get more of the wool, sir;

Twould task your hand to the sand,

Or shave a chin that's bare, sir;

You cannot strip a Highland hip

Or what it does not wear, sir;

O blessing, &c.

GUERRILLA ATTACK ON A PAYMASTER.

Coolness of a Lieutenant—He Kills one Guerrilla and Wounds Another—The Safe and Money Saved.

From the *Nashville Union*, July 15.

Day before yesterday, Major Hale, who is paying the troops stationed between here and Nashville, was attacked by a gang of half a dozen guerrillas and made to give up his paymaster and his safe, and was on his way to Stockade No. 2, six miles from this city, in an ambulance, accompanied by a Lieutenant, whose name we were unable to learn, and to three men who were forward to reconnoitre, feeling that such a pretension was necessary. Suddenly some half a dozen guerrillas made a dash on his ambulance, and the troops there, and was on his way to Stockade No. 2, six miles from this city, in an ambulance, accompanied by a Lieutenant, whose name we were unable to learn, and to three men who were forward to reconnoitre, feeling that such a pretension was necessary.

Before arriving at the stockade, he sent the men forward to reconnoitre, feeling that such a pretension was necessary. Suddenly some half a dozen guerrillas made a dash on his ambulance, and the troops there, and was on his way to Stockade No. 2, six miles from this city, in an ambulance, accompanied by a Lieutenant, whose name we were unable to learn, and to three men who were forward to reconnoitre, feeling that such a pretension was necessary.

The Lieutenant took a Hairy ride with him, and fled fast. The horses attached to the ambulance continued to run fast and had gone but a few rods when the guerrillas dismounted, one of them exclaiming—"Here is where we are after!" They at once threw down their guns, and were helping themselves to the money when the other guerrilla, who, with the Paymaster, was secured in a good position, shot him dead, and wounded one of the men. A company immediately went to his assistance, when a second shot brought him to the ground a corpse. The others then fled, without securing any booty.

The horses attached to the ambulance were soon caught, and the safe brought to this city, without loss.

The same band stole several horses in the vicinity, and captured a planter, named Anderson, who lives near Lavergne, took his watch, money, and clothing, giving him in return for the same a sum equal to the value of the planter's effects, and then released him. This was, however, soon afterwards so nearly overtaken, that they were compelled to abandon their剽窃.

In the dead of night Major Hale recognized a man who was at Lavergne in the morning, trying to get a pass to Nashville as a legal citizen.

The Approach to Atlanta.

THE REBEL DEFENSES IN GEORGIA.

The defenses erected by Johnston's army in Georgia, rendered useless by the incessant flank movements of Sherman's forces, are described by correspondents as exceedingly formidable. A letter in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, dated July 8, says:—

"As we approach Atlanta they steadily grow upon us—line after line is uncovered by our for-ward march, each more elaborate and irresistible. —In the rear of Atlanta, Sherman's army—than the last, imagine all the works of hell—have cut the Allatoona mountains and the Chattahoochee river ploughed two huge ridges, on an average once in every five miles—conflicting crags built of rails and posts, or clusters of huge logs, twelve inches thick, which have been torn from the crevices of a granite forest, and a high and six feet wide, running through the thickest woods and cleared fields alike, always two, often three, and sometimes even five miles apart, and the most difficult and precipitous, the trenches cut down to the stone and the parapets shaped as flat with the square and plumb—and you have a fair conception of the mass of Rebel fortifications through which we have to pass, and the last. It is way time for the Confederates to make a stand, and when night within five years of the whole wreath of earth erected by despatch of Kenesaw—the second from the river—and is going to a role of repulse, and the rebels are to be driven back, running along on top of a ridge just as we are, that on which we won our own, and truly it seemed more work of than of mineral gods than of any other man."

The pervading terror with which our artillery has met the Rebel imagination was well illustrated by the numerous pits dug just inside the breastworks, and roofed over with logs and earth to shield the force from rain which poured upon them when they slept and when they walked. The Rebels are to be driven back, running along on top of a ridge just as we are, that on which we won our own, and truly it seemed more work of than of mineral gods than of any other man."

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